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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

God's Way of Giving.

'Twere bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God!

To see one spring begin
In her first heavenly green
Were grace unmeet for any mortal clod.
I have seen many springs, thank God!

After the lark the swallow,
Blackbirds in the hill and hollow,
Thrushes and nightingales, all roads I trod,
As though one bird were not enough, thank God!

Not one flower, but a rout,
All exquisite, are out;
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As though one flower were not enough, thank God!'

—Katharine Tynan.

Have you ever thought of it? Have you ever stood in the midst of a field of daisies and clover and realized the kingly giving of our Father. Countless blossoms, seen and unseen, filling the air with fragrance. Countless grass blades covering the earth with their beautiful green carpet. Countless drops of dew cooling and refreshing the night air. Countless bird songs rejoicing our ears.

No limit to His bounty, or rather the only limit our power to realize and our will to accept and enjoy His gifts. Let us think more and more of Him and His wonderful gracious love and care for us, and let us, in these beautiful days when we are storing up strength for future work, not neglect to show our gratitude to Him. Let us attend the services that are held in His honor, and if we are out of reach of regular church service, let us gather together in two's and three's to sing and pray and read His word and honor His name and the day He called his own. And let us not give grudgingly to Him who gives so lavishly.

The Lord's Day an Oasis.

In the whole parish of All Souls', London, England, there is just one little bit of green grass. That is Cavendish Square. At this square has very beautiful grass and lovely shade trees. The rector, Rev. F. S. Webster, draws this lesson: 'How long do you think that grass would remain green, how long do you think those trees would spread their shady branches, and the beautiful flower beds would continue to delight both residents and visitors, if there were no palings round the square. But just because that garden in the midst of the square is surrounded by railings, that garden remains green and beautiful.

'So it is with the Lord's Day. God has built a solid statute, "Thou shalt not," around the one day in seven, a barrier against man's greed and selfishness, a bar-

Her against the efforts of those who would drown the Sabbath beneath a flood of worldly amusement; and because of the Divine statute the Sabbath remains an oasis in the midst of the desert, a garden enclosed, and the delight of the Lord's people. True religion cannot thrive without the protection which the Sabbath gives us against the inroads of other things.'

But the Lord's Day is also of value to the physical and financial life of the citizen, and the development of every national interest. The Parliament has therefore enacted a statute which protects the right of the citizens to a weekly rest day, and preserves their liberty for the enjoyment of the privileges of that day. This law is for the purpose of defending that day of rest, so that neither greedy corporations nor selfish pleasure-seekers should rob the toiler of his rights and privileges. The day must ever be an oasis of rest in the midst of the life of toil, a garden enclosed, where the weary and worn workman may enjoy rest, and gather strength for another six days of labor. The citizen needs this rest day for his physical nature; the family needs it so that the ties of love and kinship may be strengthened; the nation needs it for its development and upbuilding.—M., in 'Lord's Day Advocate.'

'For My Sake and the Gospels.'

A young wife and mother sat with her husband in the presence of a committee, answering questions and giving reasons concerning her fitness for missionary service. The missionary secretary, always kind, was wondrous kind that day, for he knew that he was observing a higher courage than battlefields knew. But, because he would be kind, he must also be plain spoken. And so he asked a question:

'Have you considered, my sister, that in a few years—five, eight, ten at most—you must gather your children to you, and for their sakes must tell them good-by and send them back from China for their long years of education?'

Her eyes were shining, and her lip trembled a little. But her voice did not fail her, nor her heart, and she said quietly, but with a world of meaning, 'I have considered.'

A missionary to a South Sea Island group makes his journeys among the islands in a fifty-foot schooner. Twice he has come the weary way from the South Pacific to San Francisco in his cockleshell of a boat. That takes bravery. But he is braver than that. He has a motherless girl, born out yonder in Micronesia, and now a woman grown. When she was a little girl he brought her to this country for her education. She lived in a home for missionaries' children while she went through college. He lived on his boat. This summer the two are together for a little while, because he has a furlough and she has been graduated. Next month she takes up her work as a teacher and he goes back to his boat and his islanders.

Love of country will inspire many men to die, and some men to live. Love of home will stir to multitudinous heroisms. But no motive arouses more heroic response than the love of the lost and the love of the Christ. And these two loves are one.—'Epworth Herald.'

Religious News.

Ten years ago, on January 31, 1898, the first party of 'The Egypt Mission Band,' landed in Alexandria. Their object was to preach Christ to the Mohammedans of Egypt and the Sudan, and, with that object in view, they have settled in places where there are the fewest Christians (nominal), and most followers of the Prophet of Arabia. After Alexandria, new centres were opened at Beni-beis, Chebin-el-Kanater, Suez, Ismailia, Abou Kebeer, Tel-el-Kebeer, and Cairo. A monthly Gospel paper, specially designed to reach the Moslems, has for the past seven-and-a-half years brought them in touch with scores of towns and villages; hundreds of copies of the Scriptures, and thousands of booklets and tracts have been scattered through the country, and many thousands have heard the simple proclamation of the Gospel in mission stations, schools, book depots, and dispensaries, as well as by the wayside, in the fields, and crowded market-places.

Perhaps the last place where we should look for a spiritual revival would be among the, till recently, barbarous and degraded dwellers on the swamps of the Niger Delta. Yet Bishop James Johnston informs us that the African Christians of that region have lately had such a visitation, many being subdued and broken down under conviction of sin day after day in their gatherings for prayer at Okrika; backsliders returning to the fold, and the heathen destroying their idols. It is clear that the great need of our missionary campaign is for more fervent prayer that the Holy Spirit may descend in power on workers and congregations.

In February a successful conference of the various superintendents of asylums in India was held at Purulia, in Bengal. Many workers among the lepers were present. The decisions arrived at by this conference of experts in leper work, will carry much weight, both with the authorities and the public. One of the most important of these resolutions declared that in the unanimous opinion of the delegates 'leprosy is contagious, and the only solution of the leper problem in India is wise, humane, but complete segregation of the diseased leper from the healthy community.'

Large numbers of these hopeless people offer themselves for baptism, 542 during the year 1907. While this represents results on the spiritual side of the work, there can also be no doubt as to the immense extent to which the sufferings of the lepers are being allevinted.

Work in Labrador.

SOME PATIENTS AND SOME THOUGHTS.

In this letter there is a real little sermon from Dr. Grenfell, the text of which is the good old saying that 'actions speak louder than words.' Let us bear that in mind in connection with the launch. We are all interested in the Labrador work, and could all show our interest substantially by a gift for the work, no matter how small. What is most urgently needed for the Harington Hospital work now is the new launch. We had hoped to forward Dr. Hare the good news that it would be ready for him this summer, but whether from the pressure of other needs on the subscribers, or lack of realizing how swiftly the time goes, the fund is still several hundred short of the necessary amount. We could do it yet; it only requires united effort, all the littles put together, and larger gifts from those who have the joy of being able to give largely, something at once from every reader interested, to make the launch an accomplished fact, even if a little later in the season than we had hoped for.

St. Anthony, April, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The call for education in matters sanitary was sadly emphasized at one house I visited. The man had lost from tuberculosis three daughters, two of them married, in thirteen months, and had his eldest son at the time badly affected, and another house had every child ricketty, their large, ill-shapen heads, the weird, contorted facial aspects, their crooked limbs, and inability to help themselves being really solely dependent on the absolute lack of knowledge of how to bring up children. They were not poor.

One poor lad was sent from this village to hospital in the hope of restoring some sight to one of his eyes. It was a strange coincidence that on a coast where so few games are played, his right eye had been fatally damaged by a blow from a football, his left eye a couple of years later by a handball. We have lost one poor mother brought to us of late with infection, and internal suppuration, and too far enfeebled to survive an operation. Our other cases are mostly facing the continued frost and snow in wheel chairs, in which they follow the sunshine around the piazza.

A religious revival which commenced here several weeks ago has borne good fruit, and many young men and others have faced the problem of life, recognized it as a problem for the first time, and decided to face it in the strength that Christ promised to those 'who believe on his name.' Already the alteration in some of these our friends is unquestionably remarkable. But we are now trying to explain to them that it is easier to continue to attend prayer-meeting than, with their peculiar temperament, it is to attend night school. That hymn-singing may not develop the talents as much as the three R's, or oft-repeated public prayers so well qualify them for useful lives as would development of the mental faculties God has endowed them with. This is such a very delicate ground to tread on, that only a long acquaintance and personal friendship emboldened us to venture on it. But we have seen the excess of initial emotionalism have a reaction that was as dangerous as a relapse after typhoid fever, the danger of which we are, at the present time, endeavoring to instil into the mind of a restless patient with that disease.

It has been recently very forcibly impressed on my mind how many were the cases recorded in the Bible of the physical cures wrought by the Master, compared with the number of those in whom a spiritual cure is reported. So often the narrative seems to lay all the stress on the physical cure, the spiritual reformation seeming to be merely incidental. The practicality of his teachings in the environment in which he lived and worked seems to me to have been so overlooked by the exponents throughout the ages of Christ's doctrines that young manhood and thoughtful womanhood grew naturally to despise faith in him, and to see no nobility in following him. Because they say it led to 'nothing doing,' but only to interminable wranglings among those whose absorbing interest in life seems the prying into questions that have no relations whatever to immediate needs. His disciples were abruptly told that 'gazing up into heaven' was not their vocation, that their energy was required, not on the mystic Mount of Transfiguration, where they proposed to erect a house, but rather by the side of the sick boy and the sorrowful father at the bottom of the hill.

It was not by accident some stranger propounded to Jesus the question that has occupied so many good men such a section of their lives, and has filled interminable tomes and caused fighting without end, 'How many shall be saved eventually?' Nor has his unexpected answer yet received the full appreciation it must have before 'his kingdom comes' on earth, namely, 'You go off and work with all your might so as to get in.'

While men are arguing if some of us are foredoomed to everlasting torment, Christ's recorded words lie plain before them that we shall be judged according to our works. The account of the earliest period of the Christian Church history, appropriately called the 'Acts,' is that of a time that has never been surpassed for success in extending Christ's kingdom. It begins by recording an apparently altogether out-of-place incident in our Saviour's life. Some one asked him another of those speculative questions, which curiosity has led men to spend endless energy in endeavoring to solve, has led others to try and foist it on Christianity as its loftiest theme, and to pose as being further advanced in Christlikeness because they themselves have arrived at conclusions in the matter. It also in a few words gives Christ's answer to them, and leaves the subject as though settled. 'It is not given to you to know the times and the seasons; go down to the city, and you shall have power given you to work,' and so on. Till men who assume the name of the Christ attempt to faithfully walk in his footsteps they will never experience that joy passing ordinary understanding which all their money cannot buy, and all their seeking cannot find. And, as enjoying a thing is the only sure road to get men seeking after it, it seems to me all men will be won to service for the Christ only when Christians really like the service.

W. T. GRENFELL.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1908.

Samuel Warns Saul and the People.

I. Sam. xii., 1-5, 13-25. Memory verses 23, 24. Read I. Sam. xii.

Golden Text.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things he has done for you. I. Sam. xii., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 13.—I. Sam. xii., 1-13.
Tuesday, July 14.—I. Sam. xii., 14-25.
Wednesday, July 15.—Deut. iv., 1-13.
Thursday, July 16.—Deut. v., 22-33.
Friday, July 17.—Deut. vi., 1-12.
Saturday, July 18.—Deut., vi., 13-25.
Sunday, July 19.—Josh. xxiv., 14-28.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever get very excited watching something out of a window, a band perhaps, or a circus parade? Or perhaps you might be leaning over a gate to see it. Do you remember how mother would call out, 'Look out Bobbie; you may fall out of that window,' or 'Take care, Jack; you may fall off the gate.' That is what you call a warning, and why do you think that you needed a warning? Because you were so happy and excited that you quite forgot there was any danger. A warning is always something meant to keep you out of danger. Our lesson title for to-day is 'Samuel warns Saul and the people,' so Saul and the people must be in some danger that they didn't notice. Saul was the new king of the Israelites. He had just been proclaimed king and had just come back from a great victory over some cruel enemies, so there was great rejoicing and excitement, and everybody seemed to think that everything would be all right now. Of course, Samuel was there and he saw the danger that no one else seemed to see at all. The danger was that they should trust now in their earthly king and forget God, and that Saul, while listening to all the people praising him, should begin to be proud and forget God too. So Samuel gave them this warning, that they should remember, how it was God who had helped them always after their own sin had got them into difficulty, and that indeed everything would be all right if they would only remember and serve God. He started by reminding them how all his life he had served God and tried to teach them to.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The incidents of this lesson follow immediately on those of last Sunday's. The people are rejoicing, the enemy has been routed, and their new king has given evidence of his fitness for the position, showing still further a spirit of magnanimity unusual for those days. It is on this gathering that Samuel casts the gloom of parting and warning. It would almost seem that the careless joy over their new leader somewhat grieved their old leader's heart, but it is more likely that Samuel spoke not out of hurt bitterness, but realizing that this was the opportune moment. He had the people in assembly here and in a particularly tender mood. Surely the warning that he felt so much was needed, would be more telling at such a moment. Anyhow he speaks from the fullness of his heart and God confirms his message with the given sign. The whole duty of man to-day, reverence, service, and gratitude to God, is pretty well summed up by the aged seer in the words of the golden text for to-day. The matter of bribe taking (verse 3) in its modern form of rebates and privileges is one of the foremost questions of the day. With 'blinded eyes' to-day the recipients of these and like favors 'fail to remember' certain shady business transactions when these are called into question in the courts to-day. In the East at that and this day the bribe was and remains the common thing, and something of the splendid isolation of Samuel's character may be seen in his blameless record.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

A Guiding Principle. The great scientist is he who discovers some wide-reaching law of nature which explains a thousand facts otherwise disconnected and unexplainable; the great historian is he who seizes some deep, social law which determines the development of nations through long periods; the great statesman is he who perceives some distinct, profound need of the time, and who by one wise edict brings a nation out of puzzling and threatening complications. These gifted thinkers get to the deep, underlying fact which determines so much in nature, so much in society. Men of lesser genius seek to understand things superficially, and to correct them one by one, but the masters get to the root principle, the dominant law, the prevailing tendency. Now, Samuel has reached here the deep and final law of human life —'Only fear the Lord.' Strange, complicated, contradictory, baffling as life seems, there is one simple principle, one sovereign passion, one master truth, that will solve us every problem, subdue every opposition, and guide us safely through every difficulty. There are times when a man wishes to say a great deal in a few words, there is not time or opportunity for much speaking, so he condenses all into one burning sentence, and it was so here with Samuel. 'Only fear the Lord.' Not a thousand things to do, but one—fear the Lord; not a thousand things to do, but one—serve Him in truth.—W. L. Watkinson, 'Noonday Addresses.'

The world has never tried what could be done to make the perfect State simply by justice.—Gerald Soares.

Verse 23. He that prayeth for another is heard for himself.—'Jewish Proverb.'

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend? —Tennyson.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 2. 'And I am old and grayheaded; and, behold, my sons are with you.' 'Samuel refers to the two reasons alleged by the elders in I. Sam. viii., 5 for asking a king (a) his own age; (b) the misgovernment of his sons. He mentions the first expressly, but with the natural reluctance of a father to dwell upon his sons' misconduct, only hints at the second.'—'Cambridge Bible.'

Verse 18. In the words of Professor Blaikie: 'It was an impressive proof how completely they were in God's hands. There were they, a great army, with sword and spear, young, strong, and valiant, yet they could not arrest in its fall one drop of rain, nor alter the course of one puff of wind, nor extinguish the blaze of one tongue of fire. Oh, what folly it was to offer an affront to the great God, who had such complete control over "fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy winds fulfilling his word"!'

It often requires some heavy calamity, such as the loss of friends, or health, or possessions, to dethrone our pride and make us see that all our happiness and success depend on God alone.

A Modern Example. Henry M. Stanley, in his 'In Darkest Africa,' more than once relates how, in his bitterest extremity, he turned to God and found deliverance. 'Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes, that I would confess his aid before men. A silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated with fatigue, and worn with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress, I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag, with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Isa. xxxiii., 22; Deut. viii., 2; xvi., 19; Psa. cxliv., 15; Prov. i., 7; Eph. i., xvi., I. Tim. ii., 1.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 19.—Topic—Temperance meeting: How to promote total abstinence. Gal. v., 16-24.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 13.—Forgiven as we forgive. Matt. vi., 2.

Tuesday, July 14.—Forgive when you pray. Mark xi. 25.

Wednesday, July 15.—Keep on forgiving. Luke xvii., 3, 4.

Thursday, July 16.—Forgive as God forgives. Eph. iv., 32.

Friday, July 17.—Love your enemies. Matt. v., 43-46.

Saturday, July 18.—Be merciful. Luke vi., 36, 37.

Sunday, July 19.—Topic—What Jesus said about forgiveness. Matt. xviii., 21, 22.

The Teacher.

Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children day by day,
So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them knowledge, but I know
How faint they flicker and how low
The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them power to will and do,
But only now to learn anew
My own great weakness through and through.

I teach them love for all mankind
And all God's creatures, but I find
My love comes lagging far behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be,
Oh, let the little children see
The teacher leaning hard on thee.
—Leslie Pinckney Hill, in the 'Christian Register.'

Be Systematic.

By inculcating the principles of systematic and proportionate giving, and adopting some wise method of collecting funds, many a school could double its contributions. In these days of depleted treasuries and retrenchment in mission work, no school should be satisfied with any measure of giving short of the greatest it can reach.—Selected.

William Fox, Deacon of Baptist church, founder of the Sunday School Union, England, says:—'Sunday schools are the best agency to prevent vice, to dispel the darkness of ignorance, to diffuse the light of knowledge, to bring men cheerfully to obey the laws of God and his country, to make them useful and contented, to lead them to the pleasant paths of religion here, and to prepare them for a glorious eternity.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER, IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

Chapter III.—Continued. Two Catastrophes.

And then he proceeded to tell him of the fatal accident to Robson.

'Another life sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus then,' said the doctor, sorrowfully. 'I should not like your brother's feelings when they hear of it, Ernest, any more than your sister's who nshe fully realizes what she has done. Their conduct in inducing the men to drink on such an occasion was abominable,' he added.

'Alcohol is, there is no doubt about it,' said Ernest bitterly, 'the special bane of our family. I thank God,' he added reverently, 'that though late in the day I have, I trust, washed my hands of it for ever.'

'Yes, thank God, there is cause,' said the young doctor, grasping his friend's hand.

As the latter thought it unadvisable for Ernest to see his sister just then, he left a message for Kate, telling her to stay as long as she felt it needful, and then the two left West Moor together, the doctor to go to the Robson's Cottage, and Ernest to telegraph to Mr. Murwood, urging his immediate return. He did not tell him the whole truth. That would have been too cruel.

Edward and Tom Eastroyd had both arrived at the office when Ernest got back, and their bleared eyes and loose lips testified plainly to the previous evening's debauch. The former, as was usual with him on such occasions, was excessively irritable too. It was plain that they had only just arrived, and had as yet heard nothing.

'What's become of Lord, do you know?' Edward said to Earnest, after a curt 'good morning.' 'He has had time to go through the mill twice over by this, I should think, and ought to have been in his office. And I didn't go in; but there seems to be only one clerk in the book-keeper's office. What has become of everybody?'

'You'd better ask Lord himself, for here he comes,' said Ernest gravely; he could see him crossing the mill yard. 'You evidently have not heard of the results of last night's work.'

'Oh, if you are going to preach again I'm off,' said Edward, making for the door.

'Before you go you had better know what has happened at West Moor,' said Ernest, and without any comment whatever he told the story of their sister's sorrow.

'Maurice dead! The little chap poisoned!' exclaimed Tom, much moved; his nephew had been a great favorite of his.

'My stars, I wouldn't stand in Ellen's shoes for something!' exclaimed Edward, coarsely. 'Murwood will be fit to kill her.'

'How will you like to stand in your own, I wonder,' Ernest could not help saying, 'when you know that Robson is dead?'

'Dead! Robson dead!' exclaimed Edward, in a shocked and half incredulous tone.

'Yes,' said Ernest, sorrowfully enough; 'but I will leave Lord to tell you all about it. I have just had to retail it to the doctor, and I am about sick of horrors.'

Without another word Edward and Tom went to join the manager.

'What a fool the man must have been to have gone over the hill instead of down the valley in such a wind,' was the irritable comment of the former when he heard the story.

'If he had been sober it wouldn't have mattered a jot, Mr. Eastroyd,' said the manager. 'I've gone that way on worse nights than last, and so has he, poor fellow, and when there was no fence at all to the quarry.'

'You'd better keep a still tongue, Lord, about his not being sober,' said Edward Eastroyd, angrily.

'It was Earnshaw told me, sir,' said the manager, respectfully. 'I didn't see him; but he did.'

Tom held his peace. He was feeling wretchedly depressed.

'I could do with another brandy and soda,' he said to himself, which showed that he had already that morning partaken of such.

Chapter IV.—A Desperate Remedy.

Matthew Murwood was well nigh distraught at the death of his little son, to whom he had been passionately attached. And then, the manner of losing him! It was terrible—it would not bear thinking about. From having once loved her dearly, he felt now that he almost hated his wife. The exposure, for one thing, had been as wormwood and gall to a man of his proud nature. To have lost his only son, destined, as he had proudly thought, to carry on the family name, a very old one in the district, was surely enough, without having that name dragged in the mire, as had been the case at the inquest—the proceedings of which had been reported in all the newspapers for many miles round. A plain-spoken juryman or two, and a keen-eyed and keen-witted coroner, had elicited certain very damaging facts concerning his wife's drunken habits. At one time, indeed during the inquiry, she seemed to be in imminent danger of being committed for manslaughter. That catastrophe had fortunately been averted; but still, things were bad enough in all conscience. His son was no more; his wife was branded through the whole surrounding community as a drunkard, and his home was blighted, the relations between himself and his companion for life being strained to the last degree. Nor did compassion for his wife's manifest suffering greatly soften his feelings with regard to her. Being a man with complete control over his own appetites, he had little pity for those of his fellow creatures who had been cast in a weaker mould. His sympathy was scant, his blame ample. It may therefore be imagined that in all England there could be few more miserable women than Ellen Murwood. She had loved her child, too—tenderly loved him. She had inadvertently caused his death, and her conscience telling her how, gave her little or no peace. And to self-blame she had to bear the reproach—constant reproach, in manner, and occasionally in speech, of her husband and the father of her boy. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that in her misery, she again yielded to the craving for strong drink? For a time, at any rate, in the comparative obliviousness it brought, her sense of suffering was deadened. But, oh, the wretchedness afterwards!

'I cannot bear my life, Kate. I think sometimes I shall go mad!' she said one day to her sister-in-law. It was some weeks after the death of little Maurice, and Ellen was fighting with fresh temptation, the stronger from having recently yielded to her appetite. To this new member of the Eastroyd family alone had the proud, stately woman ever spoken of her besetment, and that only once before. Kate's loving sympathy, which had been so great as to exclude reproach, had, at the time of Ellen's great sorrow, completely won her heart and her confidence; and ever since there had been a strong bond between them. But it was delicate ground on which to tread, and until Ellen herself should re-open the subject Kate had felt too much afraid of hurting a sore spirit to speak of it. Now, however, the opportunity she had longed for was within her reach.

'I am so sorry for you, Ellen, dear,' she said. 'This craving' you speak of must be terribly hard to fight, since even the thought of your dear little girls is not enough to drive it away, as you have told me. You long to conquer it, you say, and cannot. It has got the mastery over you; practically, it has become a disease. Ellen, dear, you must go away from here. You must go where you can be cured. There are such places; pleasant homes, where the cause of all your sorrow is never allowed to enter. I have heard of one such just lately near Baleborough.'

'But—but how can I go? What would Mat say to such a thing?' cried poor Ellen. 'It would be—such an exposure, and—' the color flooding her face, 'my husband is so sore about that. I think sometimes,' she added bitterly, 'he feels the talk about me more than the death of our boy.'

'Well, dear,' said Kate, 'that shows, at any rate, that he still cares for you, as you seem sometimes to doubt.'

'He cares for his good name,' said Ellen, with a concentrated bitterness which made Kate shudder.

'Then, dear,' said Kate, 'if only for that, I feel persuaded that he would consent to your going. And when you come back cured—only think of it, Ellen!—you will soon win back the place you seem to think you have lost in your husband's heart. I have not a doubt upon the subject. Besides, the general public need not know where you are. Dr. Hasleham has already told you, again and again, that you ought to go away for a change. And you will have gone—that is all. Indeed, even if they do find out, everyone whose opinion is worth having will approve your resolution. For it must be your own act and deed, Ellen, dear; no one can force you to go. You will be obliged to sign a document pledging yourself to remain a whole year, and to conform to the rules of the home.'

'How can I ever do it!' moaned Ellen. 'It seems as if some days I should go mad if I did not have some brandy.'

'That shows, Ellen, dear, how needful it is that you should go,' said Kate, twining her arm about the poor victim to alcohol. '"Desperate diseases call for desperate remedies," it is said. No doubt you will suffer at first—terribly, but the temptation will gradually become weaker in time. And think what it will be when it no longer assails you—with any force.'

'That would be heaven!' murmured Ellen, with bowed head.

'If you will only say the word, Ellen,' said Kate, gently; 'and, oh, do say it, darling. I will ask Dr. Hasleham to speak to Mat about it, and, his consent once gained, Arthur will arrange everything, I know he will, gladly.'

'Oh, I cannot, I cannot,' moaned Ellen.

'Ernest and I will take charge of the children at Underbank; their nurse can come with them; you need have no uneasiness about them,' urged Kate.

Alas! though Ellen Murwood loved her children, it was not of them she was thinking just then, so much as of the brandy she must give up.

'I cannot, I cannot,' she wailed again. 'I could not live; I—'

Kate was in despair. What was to be done? It seemed cruel, terribly cruel, to remind this tortured woman of that recent painful event, but as nothing else seemed to suffice, even that must be tried. As she had just before quoted, 'Desperate diseases demanded desperate remedies.'

'Ellen, darling,' she whispered, drawing the poor woman back into her arms, 'think of your two little girls, think of your little Maurice, and for his sake, for their sakes—'

But by this time Mrs. Murwood had flung off Kate's embrace, and had sprung to her feet.

'You, you, Kate, to tell me that!' she exclaimed, quivering all over with nervous excitement. 'Just as if I ever forget it, as if it did not haunt me, night and day! I did not think that you could have been so cruel, Kate, as to remind me of—of—' Here she broke off into hysterical weeping.

Kate waited until she was calmer, then she resumed: 'It is because I love you, Ellen, that I am so urgent in this matter, and you must forgive me if I hurt you in doing it. Nothing can bring Maurice back to you and your husband; but—but, Ellen—it would be some kind of atonement, would make up to Mat a little—if—if—from this time forth, at whatever cost, you renounced for ever the fatal cup. I can think of nothing else that will ever do it.'

There was complete silence after Kate had thus spoken, in a voice vibrant with feeling, for the space of a whole minute. A great mental struggle was evidently going on. Then Ellen Murwood fell on her knees by Kate's lap, and cried.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and one sister. We have a little baby boy, and he is two years old. I must tell you that we have had bad weather here these days. It has been raining every day. We are going to school now, four of us are going. Our teacher is very good to us. We live very near to school, so we go home for dinner.

ESTHER WESTLUND.

L., Alta.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Just saw a letter from a little friend in Howick, so thought I would write one too. I like to look at the drawings and read all the letters. We are having a lovely new school built and also a run with both water and steam power. We have a telephone in our house and my two grandpas each have one too.

LEON W. ESTEY.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister Maggie has four rabbits and a guinea-pig for pets, and I have a dog named Buster Brown. One day two of Maggie's rabbits got out on the street and Buster tried to catch them, and when he could not catch them he drove them into their hutch. Maggie got a beautiful new piano for a Christmas present and I got a nice air rifle.

WILLIE P. BLACKWELL.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very busy little place called Crysler. About every two years we have a flood here and the water from the Nation River overflows and sometimes the people have to live upstairs for a couple of days, which is not very pleasant to them. My father is a merchant. I go to school where there are about 40 pupils and like it very much. I intend to try entrance and hope I will pass.

FERNNIE.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Horse.' L. Moore, B. M., Ont.
2. 'Box.' Johnnie McDonald (age 10), S., Ont.
3. 'The Pig that went to Market.' Harold Fitzgerald, M., Sask.
4. 'Pansy.' Margaret Jean Ogilvie Fowler (age 8), L. R., N.S.
5. 'The Flags I Love.' Ethel Fitzgerald (age 7), M., Sask.
6. 'My Doll.' Velma Devine, H., Ont.
7. 'A Ship.' D. F. Dewar (age 11), G., Ont.
8. 'Mabel.' Lela S. Acorn, M. V., P.E.I.
9. 'House.' Evelyn Symonds, S., Ont.
10. 'Flowers.' John L. Geldart, R. G., N.B.
11. 'Box.' Mary Fowler (age 6), L. R., N.S.
12. 'Table.' Charlie McPhaden (age 11), S., Ont.
13. 'Bird Cage.' Daisy Ross, A., Ont.
14. 'My Two Pet Horses.' Heber Fitzgerald, M., Sask.

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fine church. I have eight little chickens of my own, and they know how to play squat-tay. The Kilties Band is coming here next week.

G. HERBERT McCLENAGHAN.

S. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of 80 acres. I have a little pug dog, I call him Pinch. We have great fun skating here in the winter and playing ball in the summer. I am 13 years old. The hay crops are going to be fine here this year. I have a pair of steers of my own. About 40 scholars go to our school. I am in grade eight. My father works away every summer.

GEORGE DOW.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I hope this little story may be of interest to the boys and girls who read your nice little paper, which my children have taken for years, and now for the story: Once upon a time we had a Tabby Cat we called Nibs. Our neighbor had a fox terrier called Tart, and for a long time the two quarreled like two naughty boys. I say boys, because little girls who are, or ought to be always good, do not or ought not to quarrel, of course, though boys ought to be good and not quarrel either. I hope the boys will remember this. Well, as I said, Nibs and Tart were ever quarreling. There was a fence between our house and the house of our neighbor, and there was a hole in the fence where Nibs loved to sit and fight with Tart. Nibs could go in and out at will through the hole in the fence, but Tart, who was larger, could not. However, he would stand and watch for Nibs, and when he thought Nibs asleep would snap at him, but Nibs promptly reached out the ever ready paw to give Tart a scratch of his claws. This would make Tart so angry that he would dive at the hole to get at Nibs, but, of course, Nibs, who, like all cats, was very wise as well as very smart, would jump back and then forward and give Tart another on the nose. That would drive him wild, and how he would bark and growl! Foolish dog, if he had just stayed away from Nibs he would have escaped many a painful scratch, but he was like naughty boys, he would not stay away, while Nibs was just as fond of a battle as Tart. So they continued to fight. One day Nibs lay down in the yard where Tart lived, and Tart came on him suddenly. Poor Nibs he was taken at a disadvantage, and that time he got the worst of it. He jumped at Tart, and Tart jumped at him, and Tart got the upper hand, but Nibs, who was a good fighter, down as well as up, soon made Tart glad to let go, and before Tart could catch him again he was up the side of the shed and on the roof where Tart could not come. From there he looked down at Tart, and then began to clean his coat as though he was ashamed of fighting. He did not come down for a long time, and I noticed he did not go to the hole in the fence again for a day or two. I guess he thought to do better, but like some boys and men he soon forgot all about it, and went back to the same old ways. We forget about being good and are naughty again, just like Tart and Nibs, and then we are bad friends again and bite and scratch or say unkind words. But boys and girls must remember Rome was not built in a day. And of Nibs and Tart I want to say that by-and-by, with the assistance of a good little girl, they made friends and were never known to fight any more, but would eat together and lie down near each other and were as happy as dog and cat could be. They are both dead now, and I am glad they got to be better, for they were a very bad example to others.

A GROWN-UP FRIEND.

THE FOX AND THE ROOSTER.

Once upon a time a fox met a rooster coming along the road. The fox went up to the rooster and asked him how many tricks he could do. The rooster told him that he could do one. The fox said, 'I could do three score and three.' The rooster asked the fox to do one. The fox told the rooster to shut one eye and crow as loudly as he could. But the eye that the rooster shut was next to the fox. The fox grabbed him and was running off with him when the farmer's wife cried out, 'Come back with my rooster.' The rooster told the fox to say, 'That he was his now. But just as the fox went to tell her that he was his the rooster got out of the fox's mouth and flew away to a tree. And there she shut one eye and crowed as loudly as she could.

Sent in by ISOBEL REEVES, C., Ont.

W., N.B.

Dear Editor,—There are lots of trees around our house and plenty of squirrels, which are very tame. They often come into the house. We have a lovely roller-singer canary named Fritz. My aunt sent him to mamma from California. I have a colt named Queen, and my brother Ward has one named King. Papa is getting out lumber to build a house in summer. I went to the sawmill one Saturday with him. The mill is

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OTHER LETTERS.

Velma Devine, H., Ont., says they picked 'thirteen roses off the bushes yesterday.' She asks 'Which is the heavier, the full or the half moon?'

Lila S. Acorn answers Gertrude Brooks' first and second riddles (June 19). 1. On his forehead. 2. Passengers. Lela asks 'Why is a defeated army like wool?'

Jean Fowler, L. R., N.S., also sends a little letter.

IN FULL SWING.

Already, our wideawake 'Pictorial' boys have their summer campaign in full swing, and their order sheets are RAPIDLY FILLING UP with orders for July and August 'Pictorials.' They won't forget to emphasize the fact that every home wants at least one set TO KEEP, and to keep carefully, in view of the historic interest they will have in years to come. More than that, they will remind the lads and lasses of their acquaintance that if they want to have these valuable numbers TEN YEARS hence, they must BUY THEM NOW, for in ten years' time, they won't be able to get them for very many times the modest price at which they are now offered.

Without doubt, the prospect of a really good CANADIAN FLAG free as an extra bonus for selling One Hundred Copies of July and August issues together, is stimulating the efforts of our patriotic young Canadians, for surely never before has loyal boys and girls had such a fine chance of providing themselves with their country's flag. No mere cotton affair, to grow tarnished or faded after a few exposures, but a genuine double warp, wool bunting, three-foot flag, specially imported, made for us by one of the best flag makers in Great Britain.

For those who are lucky enough to have a good flag already, we will give instead of the flag bonus, an excellent combination knife (two blades, seven useful tools), or, for the girls who may reach the 100 mark, a gold neck chain, very dainty.

We have hundreds of boys now on our list, but we have ROOM FOR HUNDREDS MORE. Let us hear from YOU in this matter. Drop us a card, asking for a small supply of July to start on. We will at once send you order sheet and full particulars of our plan, with premium list, etc., etc.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & Son, 'Witness' Building, Craig street, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Beside the Well.

(Margaret E. Sangster.)

To the well's broad rim, in the evening dim,
Came the dusky mothers with babes at breast;
And the woman fair who was waiting there
Told them the story of love and rest.

She had learned those words, like the songs of birds,
In a sweet far land where Christ was King;
Where the world was bright in the beautiful light
Our Saviour came from His heaven to bring.

But they had no clue to the things she knew,—
These sad-faced mothers whom care and pain
Had marked their own, in that tropic zone,
Where the gods of the heathen sternly reign.

And she vainly tried, till at last supplied
By a tender thought sent from above;
Over and over she said and prayed,
And she gently said it, 'GOD IS LOVE!'

'As you love the son, your precious one,
Whom you hold in your arms in joy and pride;
So God loves you! with a love that knew
The way to seek o'er the world so wide.'

And the gracious tale, that can never fail
To win the heart when it enters in,
Brought tears to the eyes, made day-dawn rise,
To the women lost in that night of sin.

O, sisters mine, will you not resign
Some flitting pleasure, that One above
May see you send, by the hand of a friend,
This word to the desolate, God is Love?'

—Selected.

Harp of a Thousand Strings.

(Anne Throop, in the 'Christian Register.')

Once there was a man who lived in a very beautiful country, but yet said that he found life not worth living. One day a personage came to him, a stranger of an insistently beautiful presence. The man, as if he had a right, led him to a part of his own estate, quiet and lonely, where he had not been, he recalled, since he was a young man. The stranger spoke of the beauty of the view and asked the man if he, too, did not think it fine.

'Yes,' the man answered respectfully, though, truth to tell, somewhat indifferently. 'It is said to be a very fine country about here. I used to come here often when I was a youngster. It all appears familiar,' he went on, 'yet oddly enough not half so beautiful as I remember thinking it formerly.'

'That may be because you are looking now without much interest or attention,' answered the stranger, 'because your mind is on other things.'

'Well,' said the man, looking off, 'I recollect that I used to imagine I saw off there above the horizon line the shining white peaks of a mountain range, but I must have been mistaken, for I am sure the mountains are too far off to be made out from anywhere about here, and I do not see them now.'

His companion said nothing to this, but his silence somehow made the man feel that it was through his own fault he no longer saw the mountains, so he suggested by way of apology, that it was very hazy.

'A depth of space,' responded the stranger, 'is often taken for a haze; but if you were in a dark room, and obliged to try to see, you would look and look, until you could after a while see objects more and more distinctly.'

'Oh, said the man, feeling he must see something, 'I do, after all, see some white clouds there.'

'Look longer,' said the stranger; and in a moment he added, 'don't you find your clouds keep rather a constant shape?'

'Why,' exclaimed the man at length, appearing pleased, 'I do see now, the clouds are the snow caps of my old mountains!' and he sat smiling for a moment over memories of his boyhood that had been crowded out of his mind a long time.

'How still it is here!' he said presently.

'Yes, except for the wind,' the stranger answered; 'listen to it.'

'The wind is so perpetual,' said the man, 'that I did not notice it.'

'So it is,' said the stranger, 'so it is, perpetual!' but something that seemed like a bit of a smile in his eyes, and his silence after he had spoken, made the man feel again remiss, as he had felt before about not seeing the mountains. It came over him how the sun, the stars, the procession of the days, are also perpetual. Sensitiveness seemed reawakening in him. He felt humiliated. What was he, to think carelessly of any of the forces about him? They, indeed, could do well enough without him, but without them he could not live. He looked wonderingly at his companion. Was this unknown presence freer than he, and thus nearer kin to ethereal things, more deeply conscious of the spacious and infinite glories, who was arousing in him his old-time awe and wonder for the natural things too long disregarded, for this very reason that they are perpetual?

As though he had spoken all this to the stranger, the stranger answered, at the same time smiling reassuringly. 'No,' he said, 'they could not do without you, any more than you without them. You would not exist if you, too, were not necessary to the perfect whole. Moreover,' he continued, 'your mind is greater than the sum of things it conceives,' saying which he turned upon the man a look of great benevolence and majesty, till the man felt himself uplifted, as though he, too, for the moment could see from the heights from which the stranger looked.

'But listen, now,' said the stranger again, 'how the wind blows through the big pine trees! When you were a child, you used to love to listen to it at night until you went to sleep.' The man saw in his memory a long dark window with white curtains drawn, and outside big branches swaying, and he felt softly that strange, exhilarating mystery of the wind at night. So many other memories thronged about the window and the little bed beside it, where he had lain, that the tears came in his eyes.

'And between each of these needles on the branches the wind blows with separate, tiny sounds,' went on the stranger, looking upward into the trees. 'You can almost distinguish them. Listen! do you hear?'

The man was silent a moment; then he shook his head, smiling a bit deprecatingly at the stranger.

'I hear the general blowing of the branches,' he said, 'but as for separate, finer sounds, I don't distinguish them at once.'

'It isn't wonderful,' commented the stranger, 'after becoming so accustomed to the deadening, harsh sounds you have lived in the midst of, that even them you hardly notice. It is very still here, though, and after you have listened some time, you will surely begin again to hear some of the undertones, and the soft, higher overtones. They are innumerable,' he added, while again the wonderful deep calm that had uplifted the man before shone in the stranger's face; 'one may always listen and hear new ones, for there is no end to them.'

Then it seemed to the man that when the stranger had spoken, an unusually clear silence fell, except for the wind, so that, whether from remembering them as he used to hear them, or actually hearing them again, he could not be sure which, he began to distinguish some of the soft and harmonic murmurs.

'It is a long time since I have thought of it,' said he, 'but those are what I called fairies' voices when I was a child.'

'What a pity,' said the stranger, 'to have to learn again what one had already in childhood!'

'Indeed, that is true,' replied the man, humbly.

Near where they sat some low shrubs grew, and the man mechanically reached out his hand and plucked a flower from one, a small, sweet field rose. He looked into it absently, thinking of what the stranger had been saying to him, and began to twirl it in his fingers.

'You still love flowers?' said the stranger, interrogatively.

The man stopped twirling the rose.

'Why,' he answered, 'I sometimes remember that I am fond of them.'

'But, see,' said the other, 'you have broken it,' and the man saw that some of the petals were bruised with whisking against his fingers.

'I should never have known you were fond of them,' commented the stranger, 'by the way you handle them.'

'There are a great many of them,' said the man, somewhat weakly.

'To be sure,' the angel rejoined, 'there are a great many of them. You are fond of them collectively, you mean, and one does not count.'

'I am extremely dull to attempt excuses,' said the man, accepting the rebuke, and flushing a bit under the stranger's penetrating eyes, but thinking to redeem himself he pressed the flower to his nostrils and spoke of its fragrance.

'But why do you need to crush it?' asked his companion. Then he added in a lenient tone, 'I suppose, however, down below in the lower grounds of your estate and the country about, the air is heavy, and the flowers stronger and coarser, so you thought you could hardly get the odor of this fragile thing without crushing it.'

'I suppose that is the reason,' said the man, who, though he thought he should have felt grateful for this excuse thus supplied, felt ashamed instead, for he saw the stranger's eyes grown suddenly sad. Still the man could not help thinking the stranger almost too hard to please.

'It is my business to be so,' the stranger replied, as he had once before, to the man's thoughts, turning his clear eyes upon him; yet, oddly enough, his reply seemed hardly to be in spoken words, so that a strange feeling came upon the man, of which he had been partly conscious during the whole interview, of being doubtful as to whether or not it was this presence at his side speaking or his own thoughts answering themselves.

'Indeed, I know the fragrance of these little hill flowers is very delicate, but it is also more exquisitely pungent than your more showy plants. It is very penetrating. There was a time when the perfume in the air from the flowers was enough for you. It seems to me that is the better way.'

'So it is,' said the man with penitence, 'far the better way,' and he flung the flower aside upon the grass.

'Poor flower,' said the stranger, and he picked it up and held it shelteringly between his palms. What a trying manner of silent reproof the stranger had, and about so slight a thing!

The deep glance turned upon the man again. 'You can do many remarkable things,—things you do not count slight at all, and that, in reality, are not slight when they are well done, but can you make the beauty of a flower?' Again the man did not know whether his own thoughts or the stranger questioned him. The stranger looked down at the drooping rose in his hands as though in the little bruised flower-heart was the mystery and the hurt of a world; then, in a moment, he laid it in his bosom.

The man's head was bowed. He had never thought so humbly. There is, then, nothing in the world slight,—no fault that can be slurred over and condoned. It awed him that tiny things should be fraught with so great significance, as great as even those things might be he had been accustomed to think important.

With a kindly touch the stranger laid his hand on the man's shoulder.

'Here in the grass are some wild berries. You used to be fond of them. Why don't you gather some? he said.

The man looked down among the leaves.

'They are so small they seem hardly worth the trouble,' said he, picking one, and putting it in his mouth. 'Besides, I can hardly taste them.' He looked up at the stranger. 'I am at fault again,' he confessed, 'I have

had too many harsh, strong things against my palate.'

'Doubtless,' remarked the stranger; 'and it is a pity, for the flavor of these is wild and sweet, as if it had come from the light of the sun and the warmth at the centre of the earth, which, in truth, have made it. It is of the milk of the Cosmos Mother. How can you tell but that it is full of her secrets and wisdom of life?'

He sighed gently and was silent a moment, then he said, 'I will tell you a story.'

And the story was of the man who had a wonderful harp, and it was of a thousand strings, but he used it only for playing foolish little tunes on a few strings, and so the splendid fiery strings beside grew dusty and rusty, and the wonderful instrument was worth nothing, as it seemed. Then came the master who had given him the harp, and aroused him to cleanse the strings little by little, by playing the dust away, until they should respond. And doing this he brought nobler music from the strings, which day by day regained their clear and splendid brightness. One day, the Master returned, and the man had not courage to play upon the harp the music he had evolved. The Master smiled, and taking the harp, played something so beautiful it made this man tremble with delight,—yet he felt that the melody was strangely like what he had essayed, only with its glory perfected. And the Master laid his hand upon the bent head, and told him that he had done so well with the song the winds sing about the worlds that he would need the harp no more. Then the man arose, and taking the Master's hand went with him a road that led over distant mountains, none knew whither.

Such was the story of the stranger. And the man who had thought life not worth living awoke, and the quiet of the day fell about him; insects chirped in the grass, and birds twittered in their shelter from the noonday sun. And he learned again all the sweet influences he had forgot; he perceived again the messages of the wind among the pine needles, the fragrance of flowers, the wonder and joy of their beauty; he found again the nest he had before in searching for tiny berries beneath glossy leaves, and became again a child of the Nature mother. Moreover, he found in him a new sense of the duty of help for his fellow beings. It came over him one day almost with surprise that he had once thought life not worth living,—for indeed to him now the present was full of content; and as to the future, he thought always of the road over the mountains where the Master Musician of the dream had gone, and which his fancy could not help connecting with the peaks and the white mountain ways he could just discern from his little hillock.'

A Tale of Sowing and Reaping.

(Maud Maddick, in the 'Child's Companion.')

Kitty Blair was a little girl who never thought of the consequences of her acts. She just did as she wished, and was quite injured if things did not always turn out as she would like. For instance, she could not see why a naughty act should bring sorrow in its train, or a thoughtless deed should cause grief and mischief.

This particular afternoon little Kitty—who was staying at her grandfather's farm, and what they called 'running wild' for her health's sake—had been very tiresome all the morning, and driven poor grandma nearly wild. So after early dinner she was told to go out in the fields and amuse herself as best she could—for grandma could not trust her near the animals, or, indeed, near anything but fields, where little fingers really could not find scope for mischief.

So young Kitty, in the lovely June sunshine, toddled off to the cornfields, a very cross and sulky lassie, thinking the whole world was against her—and quite heedless of her own faults. There she sat, perched up on the big reaping machine, her pretty face disfigured by an ugly frown, and her brown little hands full of wheat-ears and corn, and her heart full of angry feelings.

Grandfather—coming along—was struck by her discontented face, and stopped to try and put things right.

'Eh, eh, lassie,' said he, 'an' what are ye reaping to-day?'

Kitty stared. 'Dinna ken what ye mean,' she answered surlily. 'Grat is so cross, I wish I were home with mither.'

Old Farmer Blair smiled. 'Nay, nay,' he tried, 'ye have got to learn a lesson or two first, my bairn, on reaping—or, I'd best say on sowing.'

'Why, I'm too little,' said Kitty, 'to learn such things, grandad.'

Farmer Blair shook his head. 'Eh, my dearie, but the Great Gardener dinna think so.'

'Who can ye mean?' she asked. The old man came closer and looked at her flushed face tenderly.

'Who should I be meaning, Kitty mine, but the dear Gardener of all the world, the One who sees our sowing, and knows if the seed be good or bad?'

Kitty stared harder than ever, but the sulkiness gave place to a look of interest, and her gray eyes asked grandad to say more.

He took one of the wheat-ears from her hand. 'Child,' he said, 'this came from good seed.'

Kitty nodded. 'Why, yes; one doesna sow bad seed, grandad, eh?'

Grandad went on speaking, with his eyes on the wheat-ear.

'But the seed was not sown on a rock.'

The little lass laughed outright and cried, 'Oh, you funny grandad! Who would plant seed on a rock?'

Farmer Blair looked earnestly at her. 'Ah, Kitty, they on the rock are they? Lassie, I know a wee bairn whose heart is like a rock, for only this morning she heard God's words with joy, but they took no root, and she has unheeded them all the day long.'

Kitty flushed. 'Well?' she faltered.

'It is not well,' he said gravely. 'God asks that His seed shall bring forth fruit.'

She looked at him pitifully. 'Am I so naughty? Yes, yes, I am; I dinna think of aught but self, do I?'

'Ye've grieved your grandmother sore lately, but come, can ye not start sowing the good seed, and reaping the harvest, and be one of God's little reapers, lassie, eh?'

Kitty thought for a moment, and puckered her fair little brow.

'Grandmother wanted me to go and read to poor old sick Mrs. Moore,' she said, 'but I said I wouldna do it. Would that be sowing the good seed?'

'Aye, childie, ye could tell her many a good word, she is too blind to read herself. Ye could sow a little kindness; "scatter seeds of kindness," ye know, Kitty.'

The child slipped from her seat with a sudden sweet smile.

'Thank you, grandad,' she whispered, 'I mean to try, and think of all ye've said about sowing and reaping. I'll try and pull up the tares, too. Tell grandmither I've gone to do as she wished.'

Farmer Blair watched her run off, with a look of love on his face, and a prayer in his heart for God's seed.

Your Place in the Wall.

Do not imagine that because you are 'only a boy' there is no work for you to do. There are some things that boys can do better than men.

Did you ever watch a mason building a stone wall? He finds many small places which require small stones. He passes by the large ones, and when he finds a little stone he fits it into the place, and then goes on building the wall.

Perhaps you can teach a boy not to do a mean act better than your father can. Be sure there is many a place in the wall just your size. Do not fail to fill one of them.—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

A Negro's Sermon.

Poor lil' black sheep dat strayed away
Don' 'pear in de win' an' de rain.
An' de Shepherd He said: 'O hirelin',
Go find my sheep again!'—
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
Was the onliest lamb He had!

An' He says, 'O hirelin', hasten,
For de wind an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' black sheep am lonesome
Out dar so far from the fol' '—
But de hirelin' frown—'O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey!'
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
Was as fair as de break ob day!'

An' He says: 'O hirelin', hasten,
Lo here am de ninety an' nine—
But lon' way off from de sheep fol'
Is dat lil' black sheep of Mine!'
An' de hirelin' frown—'O Shepherd,
De rest ob de sheep am here!'
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
He hol' it de mostest dear!

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Wer' de night was col' and bleak—
An' dat lil' black sheep He find it
An' lay it again' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown—'O Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me!'
But de Shepherd—He smile—an'
He hol' it close,
An'—dat lil' black sheep was—me!

—From 'Missionary Notes,' in 'Ballarat (Australia) Chronicle.'

A Drop of Water.

I was wondering where the water in the river comes from, when I heard a very sad, small voice say, 'I wish I were at home!' Now, I was all alone in my room, my pen was in my hand, and a little bunch of arbutus blossoms was near by. My pen often speaks to me, but this was not pen-talk. All my folks were a-bed, and the house very quiet, and I listened till I heard it again, not louder than a thought: 'O dear! I wish I were at home!' and I saw a drop quiver and sparkle back in the same very still way: 'At home! My little fellow, where is your home?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Drop, 'I never stay anywhere long. I wish I could. I wish I were at home now!'

'You may stay and sleep where you are; that's a nice little nest for you; you needn't feel so bad and sob so,' said I.

'I know how 't will be,' said Drop; 'something will happen to me if I stay. I never could stop anywhere.'

'Never could?' said I. 'Tell me why not; don't be afraid; you are safe now. Where did you come from? Where have you been?' And Drop told me this story. Pen and I heard it, and he has corrected all my mistakes, and says that I've got it very nearly as Drop told it:

Drop's Story.

'The first I remember was running away from home with a whole lot of Drops about my size. I looked up at the big black cloud, and couldn't bear to go back to it. And we didn't. I wouldn't try. Down, down we raced, till suddenly I struck on a flat stone, and that's all I remember of that time.

'The next I remember, I was away up in the sky, as white as snow, and O! so much bigger than I am now. I saw the sun, and the wind sailed me around in the air. I couldn't keep still, I was so happy. All at once there came along such a cold wind that I shrunk up quick, and was a Drop again, and began to run to get anywhere out of the cold. But it grew colder the farther I ran, till I grew stiff and hard; and when I touched other Drops we rattled together like stones: I don't know what was the matter with me—'

'I do,' said I. 'You were frozen. You were a hail-drop.'

'Was I!' said Drop, going on with his story. 'Well, at last I fell plump into a

great lake, and the water-drops all got round me and warned me, and told me to make myself at home with them. And I stayed there, I don't know how long, and thought I was at home, till one day, when I was near one end of the lake, a whole party of us ran out together to see what was going on just below in a little brook, where we heard some frolic and laughing. I never got back again. I wish I were back now,' said little Drop, all in a quiver so he couldn't go on for a time.

I waited for him to come round again, and then said gently: 'Never mind, little Drop; you came from heaven. You have had a hard time, but cheer up; you are with a friend now, and very comfortable. Cheer up, and tell me what happened to you.'

'O, I never can tell all. I hurried on with the rest. We kept rattling nonsense, and dodging the little fishes to let 'em go by. One time, I remember, a lot of us ran into a hole under a big house, and we were lost in the dark and noise. We whirled round and got so dizzy in the dark. But we slipped out the first crack we could find, all in a foam. I shall never forget how I felt!'

'That was a mill,' said I. 'You helped turn a wheel, and did good work in the dark.'

'Did I? Well, I suppose you know, for you are a man. But I don't like to work in the dark!'

'Nor I,' said I; 'but go on.'

And Drop told me a long, long story, about a big dam he fell over rather than be caught in another mill; about a big river he came to at last, and how a steamboat hit him and knocked him under; about a big cake of mud that fell on him, and dirtied him all through, as he was trying to rest near the shore; about a great city he went by in the night; and saw the lamps; about a monstrous catfish that swallowed him and let him out again at his gills; a long, long story, too long to tell. But, by and by, he got to the ocean, and he thought that was his home, for it was so big and grand and still. He used to go down where it was very dark and cold, till he struck against a twig of a tree, and hung on up to get warm in the sunshine.

Said he: 'One day, as I was warming myself in the sun, I fell asleep, or something, I don't know just what, only I felt as if I was all fainting away and falling to pieces; I was so warm and weak and willing, and the sun was so bright!'

'You were dying, weren't you?' said I.

'I don't know what you call it, but I was happy,' said Drop, 'and the next I knew I was high up again, white as snow, and sailing in the sunshine, and determined to stay there always.'

'Well, why didn't you?'

'I couldn't. I never can stay anywhere. I haven't got any home. I wish I had. I wish I was there, or in the lake again.'

I comforted Drop, and waited a moment for him to get his little voice steady, and then he went on:

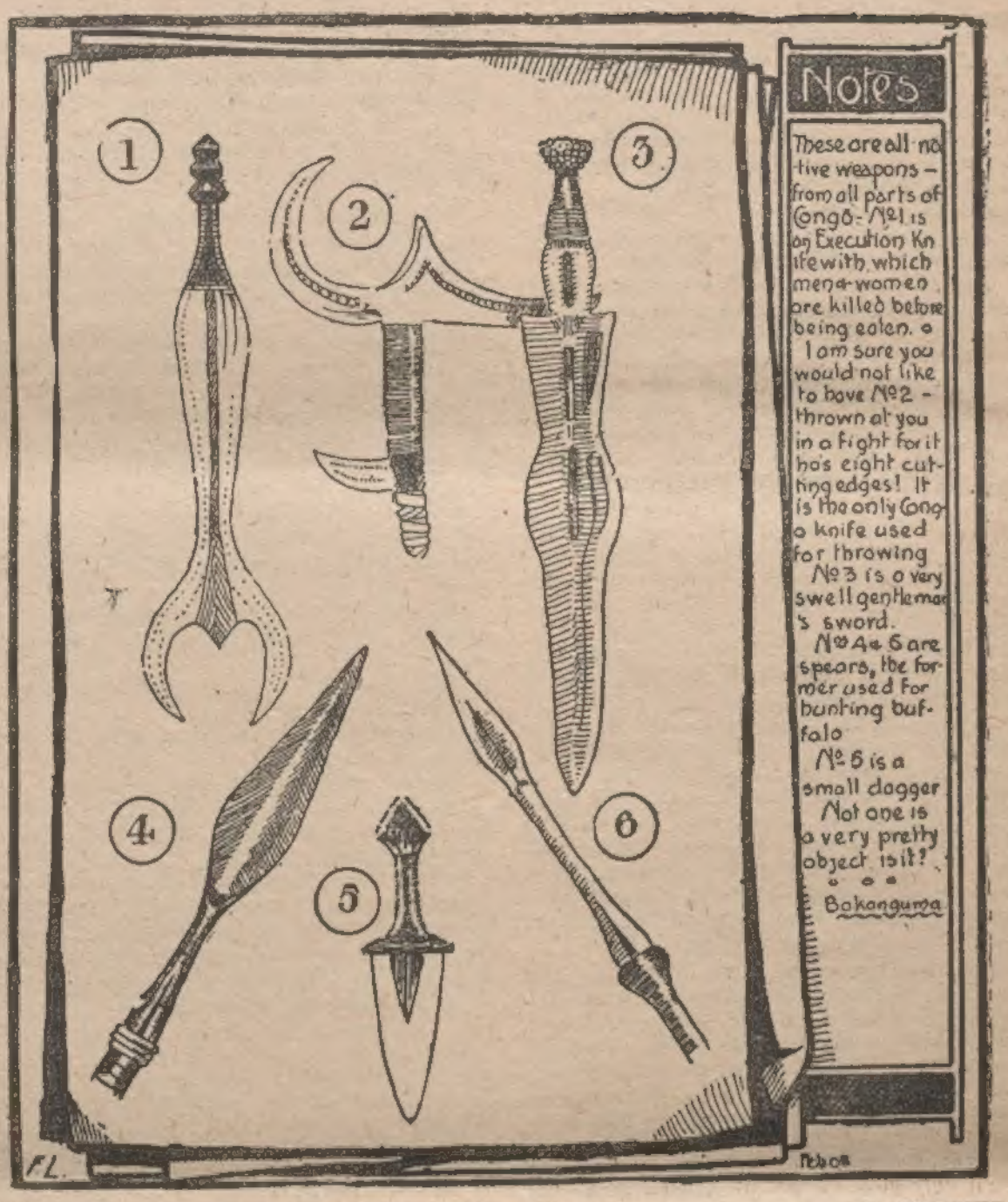
'One night I felt a little chilly, as I was sailing in the moonlight, and became Drop again. "O dear, here I go!" said I; "now, what's a-coming?" Down, down I fell, and was almost frozen, and then slipped along to a leaf, to try and climb down softly to the ground and not get hurt. But the leaf bent over and let me slip off, and down I came into this little cup where I am sitting now! Can you tell me, sir, the way back home? Can I stay here? Can I stay anywhere?'

'Little Drop,' said I, 'we can't any of us keep still. We have no home. We all go to heaven to rest, and come to earth to work. We all keep moving, and so must you. But take it easy, now, for we can't do anything to-night.'

And as I put out my lamp, Drop shut his eye, and I took up the flowers gently, to put them in the window to give them fresh air. Drop peeped out of his half-open eye and saw the moon, and smiled, but went to sleep again right away.

The next morning I slept late. When I got up the sun was shining full on my wilting flowers, and Drop was gone. I know where he has gone. I'm almost sure I saw him at the top of a rainbow in the east, that very evening. If 't wasn't he, 't was a twin brother of his. But wherever he may be, he won't stay there long. The winds will sail him round till it's time for another thunder, then down he'll come. I don't know but where; but if he gets into a river, he'll go to the ocean again, and fall in love with the sun again, and go up!

And so the ocean keeps the clouds full, and the clouds keep the rivers full, and the sun keeps them all at work. What a master the sun is, to be sure!—Thomas K. Beecher, in 'In Time with the Stars.'


1
2
3
4
5
6
Notes
These are all native weapons – from all parts of Congo- №1 is an Execution Knife with which men & women are killed before being eaten. o
I am sure you would not like to have №2 – thrown at you in a fight for it has eight cutting edges! It is the only Congo knife used for throwing
№3 is a very swell gentleman's sword.
№4 & 5 are spears, the former used for hunting buffalo
№6 is a small dagger
Not one is a very pretty object is it?
Bakanguma

THESE SKETCHES WERE MADE BY MR. LONGLAND, A BAPTIST STEAMER MISSIONARY ON THE CONGO.

—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

The Extra Stitches.

Two young girls were engaged in stitching flannel dresses for the poor of the parish.

'Now we have completed our garments, our work is finished for this reason at least,' said one of the two girls with a sigh of relief.

'No, no, wait a moment, just a few moments more,' replied the other, and going into an inner room, she returned with some skeins of crimson silk, and a few knots of ribbon and lace.

'Why, what are you doing?' asked her companion with surprise as the deft fingers swiftly fashioned a dainty edging of crimson silk, frilled in the soft lace at neck and sleeves, and fastened on the bright ribbons here and there.

'These extra stitches just take a moment,' was the answer, given with a blush, 'and I want to make the dress pretty for some mother's baby.'

As the great pile of dresses was distributed to the needy, that cold winter, one hard-visaged woman burst into tears and hid her face in the folds of a little dress trimmed with lace and ribbons. 'O to think of some one doing this for my poor baby! I didn't think anybody cared!' she sobbed.

'God cares for you and your baby,' said the reverent voice of the pastor, who had long sought an opportunity to reach this hardened heart. And for the first time the woman was willing to listen to the sweet old story. Does this not teach us that there is something more for us to perform beyond the rigid call of simple duty? The extra stitches are surely the threads of gold that beautify and enrich the dull, dark fabric of our too often careless and indifferent charity. —N. Y. 'Observer.'

The Master at the Keys.

It is said that once Mendelssohn came to see the great Freiburg organ. The old custodian refused him permission to play upon the instrument, not knowing who he was. At length, however, he reluctantly granted him leave to play a few notes.

Mendelssohn took his seat, and soon the most wonderful music was breaking forth from the organ. The custodian was spellbound. He came up beside the great musician and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humiliated, self-condemned, saying, 'And I refused you permission to play upon my organ!'

There comes One to us, and desires to take our lives and play upon them. But we withhold ourselves from Him, and refuse Him permission, when, if we would yield ourselves to Him, He would bring from our souls heavenly music.—Selected.

Pat's Guide.

I once saw a farmer preparing to plough the first furrow in a large field. He had first put up a row of stakes, and it was for these he aimed. He knew that if he could get the first furrow straight it would be an easy matter to make all the others right. There was a great difference between his ploughing and that of an Irishman I heard of. Just as Pat was about to begin his first furrow the farmer for whom he worked happened along on his way to mill. They had a little chat together, and then Pat said:

'Your honor, where shall I plough for?' 'Do you see that red calf over there on the other side of the field, Pat?' said the boss. 'I do, you honor.' 'Well, plough for that.' 'I will,' said Pat, and he started the horses up. The farmer proceeded on his way to mill, and Pat proceeded to plough for the calf. About the time he started, however, the calf started, and he followed it around over the field until the horn blew for dinner, and the only thing he accomplished in all that time was to plough the longest and crookedest furrow that was ever seen outside of real life. That looks very foolish, but it is wisdom compared to the way a young man will start out in life without having any thought or care as to where he is going to come out. Don't do that, boys, but put down some stakes that mean something before you start, for unless you do, the red calf of pleasure will spring up and lead you a long winding and wasted way that can only end in a lost and blighted life.—'Ram's Horn.'

A 'Band of Mercy' Girl.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. 'I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row,' remarked one.

'I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him,' put in a young man with a long neck, 'but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both.'

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said,

'Please mister.'

'Well, what yer want.'

'If you'll only stop I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it.'

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

'Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him.'

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—New York 'Sun.'

The Desired Guest.

(Eleanor Marchant, in the N.E. 'Homestead.')

The two most important qualities of a guest are tact and observation, and these must lead you to notice and do just what will give pleasure to your friends in their different ways of living.

I am quite sure all my girl readers would, if possible, let their hostess know the day and hour of their arrival. Surprises are very well in their way, but few households care to have a friend drop in without warning, for a protracted visit. Let your friends know, too, soon after your arrival, the probable length of your stay, as they might be diffident about asking you, and yet find it convenient to know. A visitor has no excuse to keep her hostess waiting, and it is unpardonably rude not to be prompt at meals.

Keep your own room in order, and do not leave your belongings all over the house. If your friends are very orderly, it will annoy them excessively; and if not, their own disorder will be enough. Do not be too hasty about expressing your likes and dislikes for the menu placed before you. I knew of a western girl visiting a friend in an eastern town, to remark at the breakfast table, that she considered no breakfast to be complete without a fruit course.

Make up your mind to be easily entertained. If your friends invite you to join them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go.' No guests are so tiresome as those who do not meet halfway a hostess's proposals made for their pleasure. Still, I should advise you to take some work, already begun, or a book you are reading, that you may be employed when your hostess is engaged with her own affairs and not be sitting about as though waiting to be entertained. A lady I once knew told me she never took a nap at home, 'And yet I do,' she said, 'when I am away visiting, as I know what a relief it has been to me, at times, to have company take a nap after dinner.'

While visiting, remember you will probably meet many who are strangers to you, and they may not seem specially attractive, still they may be dear and valued friends of the family you are visiting. Be careful about criticising them, and whatever peculiarities you may observe in the guests or family, do not sin against the law of love by repeating things to their disadvantage which you may have noticed when admitted to the sanctuary of the home.

I should not even ask a servant to do for me what I could easily do myself. The family had their time filled up before you came, and you must remember you are an extra one and will make some difference. Provide yourself with all such necessities as ink, pens, paper and postage stamps, so you will not start your visit by borrowing from your friends.

On leaving, do not forget to express your appreciation of the kindness which has been shown you; and also remember your 'bread and butter' letter, which should be written to inform your friends of your safe arrival home. If you will follow faithfully these few hints, I am sure you will be invited to go again, and will be a guest who will be 'a joy forever' to your friends.

Waiting for Her Boy.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of a father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility, and many a time did she look upward toward the heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older, this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music and became a skilful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day.

Upon one occasion it was nearly 7 o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting-room, he saw a sight that never can be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged mother fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as snow, covered her gray hair: the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candlestick and down her dress.

Going up to her, the young man exclaimed: 'Why, mother! What are you doing here?'

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so tenderly looking up into his face, said: 'I am waiting for my boy.'

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and, throwing his arms around her, he said:

'Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me.'

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.—'Classmate.'

Do Buy!

(Harriette Burch, in 'Child's Companion.')

Nellie Bruce was sauntering along one of the great thoroughfares one half-holiday.

The girls in her form were getting up a presentation to one of their number who was leaving the school, and the important question, what they should buy,' had yet to be decided.

The chief question in her own mind however, was 'how much shall I give?'

She had made the discovery that the estimation in which school-girls often hold each other depends largely upon how much pocket-money they have to spend.

Now Nellie's pocket-money was not so large as her ambition, and she had been planning very hard how to make it go as far as she could.

She was not particularly fond of Madeline Galton, but Madeline's father was well off, and the other girls were bent on making her a handsome present, and Nellie wasn't going to be behind the rest.

Five shillings out of her savings would leave her next to nothing, and she wanted to spare enough to buy a plush photograph frame for her mother's birthday.

'I need not give so much unless I like—but then if the others do——'

'Three a penny lemons, lady—beautiful lemons!' sounded at one elbow.

'Watercress, lady!' piped up in the same moment at the other.

Two little dark-eyed urchins were trying to stop her, while by the kerb behind a box, on which were spread a dozen or so of lemons and a few bunches of watercress, was a girl of about her own age.

'Do buy them, lady!' pleaded she, bending forward over the little stall. 'Mother's took bad. If we can't pay the rent they'll turn her out into the cold street. There isn't no one to bring home any money on Saturday night now.'

'Haven't you any father?' asked Nellie.

'He slipped off the barge and got drowned little better nor a month ago, lady! and now mother's fell ill, what shall we do? The rent is three shillings and ninepence; mother had a shilling saved, only we had to take it for bread. Do buy, lady. You can see for yourself if you like; it's only just down the court.'

'I don't want any,' answered Nellie, turning resolutely away; but all the way home that plaintive cry kept sounding in her ears—

'Three a penny lemons! Do buy! Do buy!'

'What are you girls going to give Madeline Galton?' asked her mother as they were sitting down to tea.

'I don't know,' hesitated Nellie. 'Oh, mother,' cried she, 'there is a poor woman in a court down the road. She will be turned out if she can't pay her rent.' And in a few, quick, excited words she told Mrs. Bruce all.

'Do help her, mother; I'm sure it is true.'

Mrs. Bruce looked very pained.

'I cannot, my dear. I have already spent a large sum out of my housekeeping money this week in charity. However, if you can spare something out of your own purse to save the poor family, I will gladly go with you to inquire if the girl's story is true.'

When Mrs. Bruce went into Nellie's room that night before retiring to rest, she found her just creeping into bed.

'I have had a hard fight with my pride, mother,' she said, flinging her arms round her mother's neck; 'but I have got the victory at last. The poor sick woman shall not be turned out! Madeline will have to be content with what is left.'

And in Nellie's case the words came true—'He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.'

It is very hard when we have done wrong to own up frankly and say we are sorry. No one really enjoys 'eating humble pie,' but there is no humiliation in an apology. The real humiliation comes when we lower our standard to do that which requires an apology. This is the thing we should be too proud to do.

LITTLE FOLKS

Wanted--a Twin.

—The 'Child's Hour.'

If any little boy who reads is five years
old to-day,
And likes to look at picture books, and
dearly loves to play,
And doesn't care to sit on chairs, but
much prefers the floor,
And measures just as high as me upon
our kitchen door,
And isn't frightened in the dark, but
feels a little queer—
And if he'd like to cuddle up to some
one very near—
And means to be a soldier just the min-
ute he's a man,
To fight with bears and Indians—and
pirates if he can—
If there's a boy like that, I wish he
would please begin
Right now to pack his toys, and come
to be my little twin!

—Selected.

Muriel's Question.

'Mamma,' said Muriel one day, 'how can I love Jesus if I cannot see Him?'

'Well, dear, you have never seen Aunt Lucy, but I have often heard you say you love her!'

'Yes, mamma, but Aunt Lucy sends me nice presents, and when she writes to you she always sends a kind message to me. I am sure Aunt Lucy loves me.'

'Well, dear, does not Jesus show that He loves you too? Has He not given you all the nice things you enjoy? And when you are old enough to read the Bible for yourself you will find many loving messages that He sends you. That is why we love Him, because He first loved us.'

'I see, mamma,' said Muriel softly.

—'Our Little Dots.'

The Unexpected Guest.

They were having a little picnic. The table was set on a flat rock, and the dolls had a place at this table and a real plate. The paper dolls were too small to come to the first table, and so they were put to sleep in a branch of a tree.

Natalie was baking the biscuits in the oven down by the brook, and Molly was busy cleaning the reception room over by the swing. There was to be a tea at four, and many guests were expected. They worked with a will. What would have been said if mother had asked for so much sweeping and dusting at home?

Molly brought up the biscuits (which mother had really given them), and they set out the cakes and the jelly. The table looked quite festive.

'Now we must get ready to come,' said Molly.

So they put on their hats and prepared to take the part of guests—having completed the part of housekeepers. They walked away down by the brook, and delayed a respectable time for expectation among the dolls.

'It is a fine afternoon,' said Molly, in a mincing voice. 'I hope all the people won't be there before us; I am afraid we are a little late.'

'Yes, I am sure we are,' said Natalie, 'for my carriage was delayed by an accident.'

And then, at that very moment, they saw how much too late they were, for Fido was seen standing in the very middle of the banquet table; the jelly was overturned, the biscuits scattered, and the cakes eaten.

What scampering there was! They forgot that they were Mrs. Bronson and Mrs. Van Dyke. They were just Molly and Natalie, and very angry little girls. Fido was chased away, where he sat in disgrace under a tree, and all the preparations had to be made again. It took them some time to repair the damage.

'I don't believe the caterer will bring those cakes after all,' said Molly, trying to make the best of it. 'I am afraid our guests will be disappointed.'

Natalie looked at the dolls, staring at the board. 'They don't show it; they are too polite,' she said.

They were, indeed, and one would never have guessed that they minded at all, for the dolls had slept through it all.—Selected.

Blowing Bubbles.

Sammy was blowing bubbles.

'Oh, mamma! Do come and see how beautiful they are.

Mamma came and watched while the little boy blew a large bubble. He clasped his hands as it rose slowly in the air.

'See the colors in it!' he cried, 'Red and purple and green and gold. Why, mamma, they are like flowers—or the birds. The colors are just as bright.'

'Yes,' said mamma, 'there are many bright-colored things in the world.'

'I think,' said Sammy, 'it is very good of God to make so many pretty things for us to look at.'

He went on blowing, thinking each bubble brighter than the last. Soon he heard a voice at the door: 'Let me blow!'

It was Willie, a little boy who lived next door.

'Yes,' said Sammy, 'we'll take turns.'

But very soon he saw that Willie did not like to take only his turn, he wanted all.

At last Sammy went to his mother. 'Mamma,' he said, 'I wish you'd tell Willie to go home. He wants to blow all the time.'

'I am sorry,' said mamma, 'but don't you think you can bear with Willie a little? He has been ill a long, long time, and has forgotten that he ought to do his share of giving up.'

'I don't think it is fair that I should do it all,' said Sammy.

'That is true,' said mamma. 'But we all sometimes have to submit to what is not fair. Now listen, my child. You think it is good of the Lord to make the bright things for us. It pleases you to see them. Just so it pleases God to see a little heart for his sake is willing to show loving patience to others.'

'I think I'll do it,' said Sammy with a smile. 'I've had two good times this morning,' he afterwards said to mamma. 'First it was the pretty bright bubbles, and then it was being too good to Willie.'—London 'Sunday-School Times.'

Jack's Golden Penny.

(By E. E. C., in the 'Child's Companion.')

Jack had just been given a present of a sovereign by his uncle, who had that day seen his small four-year-old nephew for the first time since his return from India.

'A golden penny!' cried Jack excitedly. 'What a pretty shiny one!' All coins were called 'pennies' by Jack.

'What shall I buy with it, Uncle Bob? Do all little boys and girls have pennies like this?' asked he, as he skipped about and tossed it into the air.

'Oh, no, Jack. There are hundreds of poor little boys and girls who have never even seen a gold coin. If I were you, I'd put it into the bank, and by the time you are a big boy, it will have grown into more golden pennies,' said Uncle Bob.

'All right,' answered Jack, as he ran off into the garden.

The only bank he knew anything about was the steep grass bank down which he loved to roll as often as possible. He fetched his little spade from the tool-house and began to dig.

When he thought the hole was big enough, he popped his golden penny into it and began to cover it up with earth.

'There, that's lovely! You'll grow into a golden-penny tree, and when I'm

growed up, you'll be ever so high and covered with golden pennies. Then I'll ask all the poor little boys and girls to come and pick golden pennies, and they'll be able to buy beautiful sweets and toys, and all sorts of lovely things!' cried Jack, as he danced about for joy.

'Jack, darling,' called a voice from the nursery window, 'what are you doing?'

'Plantin' the golden penny Uncle Bob gave me in the bank, 'cos he said it would grow,' shouted back Jack.

In a minute his mother was beside him.

'It'll grow in the bank—Uncle Bob said so,' continued Jack. 'And oh, when I'm big, and my tree has growed ever so high, I'll ask all the little poor boys and girls, and they shall buy theirselves such lovely things with the golden pennies off my tree.'

'Dear little Jack, that is not the kind of bank Uncle Bob meant,' answered his mother, kissing her boy. 'Uncle Bob was thinking of quite a different sort of bank, called the Post Office Savings Bank. I will take you there this afternoon, and we will put your golden penny into that.'

'Will it grow, mummy?'

'Yes, darling; but you won't understand how it grows until you are a bigger boy.'

'When I'm a big man will there be golden pennies for the poor children?' asked Jack.

'Yes, if you like to give them to little boys and girls who have no money of their own,' answered his mother.

'That's all right! I'd like all little boys to have a golden-penny tree. Wouldn't it be nice, mummy?'

'Yes, dear; but it will be nicer still if my little boy grows up generous and kind to those who are not so fortunate,' said mummy.

Jack's golden-penny tree is growing away; he is still too small to understand how it grows, or why he cannot see it; but he always says it is to buy pretty toys and sweets for little boys and girls who have no golden pennies of their own.

The Giant Nobody Can See.

He is so, so old! When the world was first made, he was there. He is stronger than a hundred elephants, and often does a great deal of harm. He thinks nothing of roughly taking off the roof of a house and carrying it away as if it were only a feather.

Sometimes, when angry, he piles the great waves of the ocean on top of each other until they are like mountains; then they fall on the big ships and drive them down, down to the bottom of the water, where the queer fish live and strange, beautiful flowers grow.

Then he will rush into the forests, tear up the giant trees by the roots, and send them crashing against each other till the ground fairly shakes.

He is not always rough—oh, so! On the hot summer night, when the poor sick babies in the close alleys are crying for the pure, fresh air, he will take a whiff of a sea breeze or breath of country air full of the odor of flowers right into the open windows; then the children sleep and forget how hard life is for them.—Selected.

An Adventure.

(By Grace Stone Field.)

Out of his soft warm bed so white
A little lad crept, in the dead of night;
The moon slipped under a cloud and hid,
Only the stars saw what he did.

Down in the hall the light burned dim,
His funny shadow bowed to him;
And a little mouse squeaked shrill in fright
To see a child in the dead of night.

Somewhere, somehow, this laddie dear
Had heard strange tales of the midnight drear;
Things that fairies and brownies did
Under the friendly darkness hid.

He did not see a single thing,
Except the mouse that ran from him!
'Till the clock struck one, and back to bed
He took himself and his sleepy head.

And so he said, as he cuddled down,
'Folks do just nothing in this town
In the dead of night but sleep and sleep!'
And that's the very best thing to do
In the dead of night, I think, don't you?

Sunday School Times.'

One to Carry.

I've learned to put together
The figures on my slate;
The teacher calls it 'adding'
And I like it all first rate.
There's one queer thing about it,
Whenever you get ten,
You have to 'carry one,' she says,
And then begin again.
That's what we do with pennies;
When I have ten, you see,
I 'carry one' to Jesus
Who's done so much for me.

—'Junior Missionary Magazine.'

A Dandelion's Way.

A dandelion loves to have her own way just as you and I do. She loves to grow up tall with a fine, long stem, nodding and shaking her head and swaying merrily in the wind and sunshine. When the storm comes beating down she draws her green waterproof cloak up over her head, and while the thrush sings so cheerily, she makes merry with the raindrops—gay little dandelion!

But the dandelion cannot always have her own way, sweet as it is, for there is the gardener who comes cutting her down cruelly with the lawn mower again and again and again.

How discouraging all this is when one feels herself made to live on a long stem with such joy and friends as the rain, the wind, and the sunshine. But the dandelion is not to be discouraged, and in a wise little brown heart she considers how she may best adapt herself to such adverse circumstances as gardeners and lawn mowers.

The next day she comes up as bright and friendly as ever, only with a shorter stem. Again she is cut down, and again she springs up bravely with a still shorter stem.

At last she is trampled upon and bruised and crushed under foot to the earth, but the brightness and gladness and beauty are still there in the faithful brown heart, and, gazing steadfastly into heaven, she sends up one trustful little bud without any stem at all.

Her sister dandelions do the same, and they bloom and bloom and bloom until the green lawn looks as if it were buttoned down all over with pieces of brightest gold.

This is a true story, but if you don't believe it you may ask the dandelion.—Selected.

Where They Came From.

A little girl trying in vain to learn her spelling lesson said wearily to her brother, 'Oh, Paul where do all these lots of words come from?' 'Why, Gracie, don't you know, It's because people quarrel so much. Whenever they quarrel one word brings on another and that's the reason we've got such a long string of them.' 'I wish they'd stop it,' sighed Gracie: 'then the spelling book wouldn't be so big.'

Paul's explanation was funny if not correct. One part of it was true 'Whenever they quarrel, one word brings another.' Selected.

Drink! (A Satire.)

(John Grey, in the 'Alliance News.')

Drink—for you help the already rich;
Live or die—it matters not which,
So long as all brewery shares hold good:
Drink and maintain them—as all men should.

Drink—never heed what your wife may say,
The brewers are great men—who great as they?
So you cannot refrain from supporting them:
Drink—and what matter if children 'clem.'

Drink—for the public-house is fine,
It's far better furnished, friend, than thine.
Drink—and provide its light and its fire,
You can stay, while you pay, as you desire.

Drink—for you drown the voice within,
The voice which convicts you, oft, of sin;
Drink—for your clothes are old and rough,
But you will not care, when you're drunk enough.

Drink—for your home is poor and bare,
No warm fire lit, no comfort there.
You have drunk the furniture all away,
And there's been no dinner, oh, many a day!

Drink—why care if you live or die?
You are helping 'The Trade' to still live high.
So drink—until you're money is gone,
Then, 'out you go,' and the world wags on.

A Grecian Legend.

When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and, as the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest.

As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He afound a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it, into the bone of the lion.

Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the ass's bone, and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass's bone; and, as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink.

But, behold a miracle! When men first drank of it, they sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.—Selected.

Between the Boy and Public House.

A temperance lecturer illustrates his lectures sometimes with this story:

'A certain settler in the woods in a country largely unexplored let his young son, who wanted to go hunting, take a gun and trudge off alone into the woods through the deep snow. The lad was strictly bidden to return within a very short time, but when he did not come, the troubled father started out to search for the boy.

'He had not followed the trail far before to his anguish he saw the tracks of a panther mingling with the tracks of the lad. A murderous beast was following close on his son's footsteps. With pace redoubled, the father pressed on with an awful dread in his heart lest he should find his boy torn to pieces.

'Suddenly he noticed another trail in the snow crossing at right angles the trail he had been following. He knelt and examined it carefully. The tracks were those of his boy, but here there were no panther tracks. The keen sense of the woodsman read the story at once. The lad, confused and wandering, had circuited the adjacent hill and recrossed his own path, but the panther following behind had not yet completed the circuit.

'The father's task was easy then; he secreted himself near at hand, waited until the panther came and shot it dead; then hurried out along the new trail to overtake his son.'

The obvious application is this:

'We've got between the boy and the public-house now; let's shoot the public-house dead when it comes by on the trail.'—'Christian Age.'

Champlain Tercentenary Celebration

AT QUEBEC.

The publishers of the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' have made extraordinary arrangements to give the best pictorial reproduction of what promises to be the greatest pageant the world has yet seen, at a price so low that single copies will be within the reach of all, and many will buy them by the dozen to send to friends at a distance. A special effort is being made to have every picture surpass even the high standard which the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' has maintained since its first issue.

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The JULY Number will depict the stirring events and scenes of the centuries that are gone and the great fortress city of Canada as it was then and as it is to-day. It will also contain reproductions of famous paintings of Champlain, Wolfe, and Montcalm, and such momentous events as the death of Wolfe at the moment of victory amid the din and carnage of the battle of the Plains of Abraham. The July issue will also contain reproductions of advance drawings of the historic pageants to be enacted; drawings to which the publishers have secured access by special arrangement with Mr. Frank Lascelles, the great Master of Ceremonies,—who has had charge of every notable historic pageant held in England in recent years.

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..HOUSEHOLD..

Up, My Heart, and Sing.

The dark, dark night is gone,
The lark is on the wing,
From bleak and barren fields he soars,
Eternal hope to sing.

And shall I be less brave
Than you sweet lyric thing?
From deeps of failure and despair,
Up, up, my heart, and sing!

The dark, dark year is gone;
The red blood of the spring
Will quicken Nature's pulses soon,
So up, my heart, and sing!

—Ella Higginson.

A Little Gossip.

(Inez M'Fee, in the New England 'Homestead.')

'Good morning, Mrs. Little. Come right in. I haven't seen you for an age!' exclaimed Mrs. Blake, cordially shaking hands with her neighbor.

'I know it, and I am ashamed to think I have stayed away so long, but I've been just like the Irish washerwoman lately, so terrible busy that I haven't got anything done. I don't know as I would have come over this afternoon, if my Yankee curiosity hadn't been strong enough to quench my desire for work.'

'It was your washing,' she continued. 'When I threw out my dish water about 7 o'clock this morning, your girl was just hanging out the last of your colored clothes. The sight fairly made me sick, for we had only just begun to wash. I don't see how you do it. I don't believe you have as good help as I have, either. Your girl is so much younger than sister Helen. Do you use some kind of washing fluid, or do your washing in any new-fangled way?'

'No,' replied Mrs. Blake. 'I think I wash much the same as you do. You know I have no washing machine. I think the secret lies in the management. We get up about 4.30 on wash day. Mary goes right at the washing and I get the breakfast. I always try to have things to warm over so that I can get it in a hurry. When I am alone, I always get the first boiler of clothes on to boil, and then prepare breakfast on the back of the range. On wash day all else takes second place until the clothes are out. We don't stop to do any other work, unless it is to prepare something to cook while we have a hot fire. It is so much help to begin early, for after the children are up, I can't depend on being able to help at all. My grandmother always used to say an hour early in the morning was worth three later in the day.'

'Well,' exclaimed Mrs. Little, 'I believe she was right. I know if we don't get much done early in the morning, the work drags all day. I'm going to try your way of managing the washing hereafter. We have always thought we had to have the house all in order downstairs before we began to wash, and lots of times Helen does the chamber work before she helps any. Often by the time she is ready to help, Bernice is up and cross, and the other children seem to have a hundred wants, and a particular bent for getting into mischief. Frequently Helen is all day at the tubs, and it is terribly fatiguing in hot weather.'

'Yes, indeed!' assured Mrs. Blake, 'I'm sure you make a mistake by putting your house in order first. By the time your washing is out, it is all at sixes and sevens and you have the greater part of it to put to rights again.'

'By the way, Mrs. Little,' observed Mrs. Blake, 'did you ever stop to think how much management had to do with a day's work? For instance, Mrs. Brown is a good illustration. She never has any system to her work, but does whatever comes to hand first. Her house looks well enough too, but her work is never done. Sometimes she doesn't wash a dish during the day, but stacks them up on the kitchen table and leaves them until after the children are in bed. I don't think anyone makes anything by leaving their dishes. They—'

'No, nor I either,' interrupted Mrs. Little. 'It would make me so nervous I would feel like flying.'

'I wish all housekeepers would make their heads save their hands and feet more,' continued Mrs. Blake. 'When I'm at work, I am continually planning how I can get through the best and quickest way. Most good housekeepers do a great deal of unnecessary work, such as ironing their dish wipers and their stockings perfectly smooth —useless waste of time! I like to see a neat house as well as anyone, and if I had to neglect one, I had rather have my closets and the corners of my room clean that the centre, where it shows the most. I don't care how much housework a woman has to do, if she plans her work, she can get some time for her own recreation. How many books have you read this year, Mrs. Little?'

'None this year, but it is not very far gone,' returned Mrs. Little. 'However, I mean to get more time than I did last year.'

'Well,' returned Mrs. Blake, 'I've read three books, and my monthly magazines, besides studying up a little in Algebra so that I could help sister Geneveive. I usually try to have a book or paper handy so that I can read when I am holding the baby. My dear friend, let me advise you to try the management theory. Be sure to plan some time for yourself. You must do it if you wish to be a true wife and mother. Don't allow yourself to rust out. There's too many intelligent women, who, in their zeal to be known as the best housekeepers in the neighborhood, let the dust from their carpets smother their intellectuality.'

What Children Cost.

Do you suppose I'm worth it?' a bright girl exclaimed, as she handed me a neatly bound account-book. 'From June 10, 1880,' it said on the cover. Opening to the first page I found a list of expenses, including such articles as rubber rings, patent food, etc. 'That is a record of every cent that has been spent for "yours truly" since the date of her birth,' she exclaimed. 'Mamma started the books for both Fred and me, and kept them till we were sixteen, then she made us do it. You see,' turning the leaves, 'she put down everything, even to our baby photographs, and it's been a wholesome revelation for us to count up the totals once in a while. It tells the story of a boy's and girl's expenses to compare. There was a time when it was about even, and I remember how glad I was Fred had to have his teeth filled first. I wouldn't part with my expense-book for anything, and I wonder more mothers don't start them for their children.'—'Good Housekeeping.'

Parental Duties.

(Alice Jeffries, in the 'Homestead.')

Much of the comfort and happiness of a family depends upon the deportment of the young members. Only the most gentle firmness will restrain and guide without making the teaching galling, and a bondage that leads to deceit. Parents and teachers often fail to realize that they are under obligations to treat children politely. If our children do not see us practice the politeness which we inculcate, why should they believe our precepts are of any great importance? Children have as strong claims for civil, polite attention as their elders have.

Such gentle courtesy as we show to our friends, or are expected to, if extended to the children, will not interfere with the respect, deference or obedience to parental authority. Parents and teachers, on the contrary, will find an ample reward if they teach children good manners by their own example as well as by precept. True politeness and good manners cannot be taken on or put off at pleasure. They must be home-made, instilled into the minds of the children from the cradle, to be the pure article.

Now if parents can teach their children that they must not enter a friend's house and throw off hats, cloaks or rubbers anywhere, on the floor, chairs, sofas, etc., instead of putting them in their appropriate places, that they must not rush noisily about, talking loudly or calling from one end of the room to the other, that they must be respectful and deferential to all when visiting, they surely can teach them that rude conduct at home is offensive and reprehensive to the last degree and in nowise to be tolerated. Parents can train their children to be polite at home as well as abroad, and they are guilty of a great wrong if they do not.

Well-bred persons, young or old, will respect the taste, comfort and pleasure of others, and be quite as solicitous of securing it as their own. They will be ashamed to allow any habit that would offend the taste or delicacy of anyone to have control over them. They are watchful to use no annoying expressions, to guard or overcome any propensity that will make another uncomfortable, such as sharp words, sarcasm or repartee that gives pain, and many little but troublesome habits. If parents will so teach their children, they will not only add to their own comfort a thousandfold while the little ones are maturing, but they will prepare them to go out from their home when they arrive at man's and woman's estate, useful and respected members of society.

A Song of Content.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's best,
The sweet consort or mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—Robert Greene.

For Home Work Room.

No. 204.—What can please the home-loving person, be it man or woman, more than a prettily embroidered cushion top for the baby? To make a top with little expense and less work, should prove an attraction for every woman. The pattern here illustrated will be effective and striking after an unusually small amount of time and labor has been expended thereon. The design is furnished already stamped on linen or in a perforated pattern which is simple to use and includes material and full directions for stamping. The prices are 30 cents for perforation, or 50 cents for stamped linen top and back. Four skeins linen thread, 20 cents.

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Order by number as well as name, stating whether it is the design alone or the design and working material that is desired. A lapse of one week beyond time needed for return mail should be allowed.

Write your address distinctly.

Address your letters to:

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Measure Your Usefulness.

What makes anyone useful? Surely it is not strength and vigor to labor. Else a baby would be a most useless creature; but who will say it is? Does it not twine its little indivicuality around the hearts of all in the family, and by the cords of common love bind together the members of the household, often causing the father to 'straighten up,' perhaps uniting the once estranged husband and wife, and bringing brightness and peace into a home cursed by strife and variance?

Usefulness is not dependent upon health. Else there would be many an invalid who would be cumbering the earth, but who now is a blessing to it by calm patience and quiet ministrations to those around. The strong and well could not have access to the heart perhaps as surely as those who are in some sense dependent on account of less abundant vigor.

In these days, when so much is said, and well said, of the value of the young men and the young women to society, it is well to recognize the value of the old men and women in steadying society, in giving opportunity to younger persons to cultivate the graces of respect, gentleness, and consideration, and in affording the rich results of the accumulated wisdom of experience.

Then, too, the aged themselves have a right to feel that they are in that period of life when its richest fruit may be plucked by them. The autumnal days of harvest afford opportunity for gathering the mature thoughts and safest judgments as to the characters and actions of people, the wisest deductions from experience as to the really great things of life, the things most worth while and most deserving of attention and effort. And the aged can give the benefit of these experiences and thoughts to those who are less advanced in years, less matured in judgment. This affords delight to the giver and wise counsel to the recipient.

No, the old are not in the way on account of their age; many a so-called middle-aged man and woman, even here and there a young one, too, is more in the way, more of a 'fossil,' than the average old person. Let not the old think they are useless, or the young make them feel so. 'All are needed by each one.'—Selected.

An Ideal Home.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room—
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
Where there's one we love to meet us!

—'N. W. Advocate.'

She Wrote to Her Husband.

The young wife of a busy man is no longer suffering neglect from her well-intentioned but preoccupied husband. Here is the story of how it came about:

'I want you to address this letter for me,' she said to her best friend, then on a visit to the house.

'Very well—to whom?'

'To Robert Angesey, at this number and street.'

'What, your husband, dear? What under the sun do you mean by writing to him, and he at home every day in the week?'

'I'm not going to argue the matter, and the letter is prepared. You direct the envelope, so that he will read the letter from curiosity, if nothing else. I have no objection to explaining to you in confidence. Robert never seems to have any spare time to talk things over with me. When he comes down in the morning, he is in a rush and a stew to reach the office. He bolts his breakfast, kisses me goodby on the run, and is gone till evening. At dinner he is in nervous haste to get away to "meet some business engagement," runs hurriedly through his paper, and is gone again. When he reaches home I am in bed, or we're both so sleepy that we couldn't talk intelligently if we wanted to. You, perhaps, won't understand, for your knowledge of married life is a theory. But there are some things about which he and I must consult. I have to manage the affairs of this house, and I want his advice. I at least would like to have him manifest a little interest, and I rather think that his approval would do me lots of good.'

The letter was sent. The husband laughed hilariously. Then a sober second thought took possession of him. He and his little wife are full partners now, and she looks like a bride once more.—'Rural Home.'

Jealousy.

Among the deadly things upon the earth, or in the sea, or flying through malarial regions, few are more noxious than jealousy. And of all mad passions there is not one that has a vision more distorted or a more unreasonable fury.

To the jealous eye, white looks black, yellow looks green, and the very sunshine turns deadly lurid. There is no innocence, no justice, no generosity that is not touched with suspicions, save just the jealous person's own.

Once lodged within the heart, for life it rules ascendant and alone. It sports in solitude. It pants for blood, and rivers will not slake its thirst. Minds strongest in worth and valor stoop to meanness and disgrace before it.

The meanest soul, the weakest, it can give courage to beyond the daring of despair.

No balm can assuage its sting. Death alone can heal its wound. When it has once possessed a man he has no ear but for the tale that falls like molten lead upon the heart.

It is said that jealousy is love. This is not true, for though jealousy may be procured by love, as ashes are by fire, yet jealousy extinguishes love, as ashes smother the flame. Jealousy may exist without love, and this is common for jealousy may feed on that which is bitter no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection.

The unfortunate habit of mind which makes one prone to jealousy cannot be too strenuously fought against. It were well to constantly remember that jealousy injures and pains no one so much as the person feeling it. It is a self-consuming fire, a self-inflicted torment, an arrow that falls back and wounds only the archer.—'Christian Globe.'

Grandpa's Bible.

Little Mary wanted to learn her Sunday School lesson. It was Saturday afternoon, and the time was passing; but she had been busy with her doll's dress and the lesson was yet unlearned. At length her older sister took a Bible from the bureau and said: 'Come, Mary, I will help you to learn your lesson, and you can go back to your play.'

Mary came to her sister's side ready to begin her lesson, when she suddenly began: 'Sister, let us study it out of grandpa's Bible.'

'But what difference can it make?'

'Why, grandpa's Bible is so much more interesting than yours.'

'Oh, no, Mary, they are just the same exactly.'

'Well,' replied the observing child, 'I really think grandpa's must be more interesting than yours; he reads it so much more.'

There are a good many young persons who would do well to get a look at grandpa's Bible. Possibly if they would look at it carefully they would find something in it that they have never found in their own; and if they would pray as the Psalmist, 'Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law,' they would find a blessing in the Word of God such as careless readers never discover.—'Little Christian.'

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 1113.—CHILD'S ROMPERS.

For the country and seashore, or days at home when shut in on account of the weather, a suit of this kind is a great saving in laundry bills, and a joy to a child who does not want to 'be careful' all the time. It is made of brown denim, and simply cannot wear out. It is cut in such a shape that there is no strain upon the drawers or sleeves, and it is comfortable in every part. With a leather belt this practical garment is not without style, and if made in white linen would be presentable at almost any time. The pattern No. 1113, is made in 2, 4, and 6 year size, and will require 3 1-2 yards of 27-inch material for a 4-year size.

NO. 1070.—MISSES' OVERWAIST COSTUME.

The young girl who wishes to try her hand at dressmaking could not find a prettier design than this. It is simple, inexpensive, in few pieces, and easily made. It is of white percale with brown figures, and trimming bands of bias striped brown and white. It is worn over a white blouse, while a brown tie and belt, with shoes and stockings of the same shade, give character to the youthful costume. It may be made in a heavier material, and varied by using plain goods with plaid or polka dotted bands, or reversing the order of things and trimming with plain straps or braid. The pattern, No. 1070, is made in 12, 14, and 16 years' sizes, and 8 1-2 yards of 27-inch material will be required for a 14-year size.

Give name of pattern as well as number, or cut out illustration and send with TEN CENTS. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Selected Recipes.

CREAM PUDDING.—Place one pint of milk in a double boiler over the fire; add one and a half tablespoonfuls sugar, and, when it boils, mix one heaping teaspoonful corn starch with a little milk; add it to the hot milk; boil five minutes; beat the whites of two eggs till stiff; add them to the hot milk; stir and cook a few minutes; flavor with vanilla; remove; let it cool a little; then pour in a glass dish; serve cold with the following sauce: Place a small saucepan, with three tablespoonfuls sugar, over the fire; add a little water and boil till it begins to brown; then add one and a half cupfuls milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar, and boil till the caramel has dissolved; mix the two yolks with a little cold milk; add it to the sauce; stir till nearly boiling; remove and add one teaspoonful vanilla; serve cold.—'Brooklyn Eagle.'

PLUM DUFF.—Two cups chopped bread, half cup chopped suet, half cup molasses, one egg, half cup raisins, one cup sweet milk with half teaspoonful soda dissolved in it, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves, a pinch of mace and salt. Steam two hours.

CRULLERS.—Three eggs, one cup of cream (or cup of milk with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter in it), pinch of salt, a little nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour enough to roll out nicely. Cut in rings and fry in hot lard and roll in powdered sugar while warm.

PARSNIP FRITTERS, WITH BACON.—These are nice for breakfast and can be cooked the day before using and made ready for baking in a few minutes in the morning. Scrape two large turnips and boil them tender, then rub through a collander and rub fine. Beat one egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls flour, half a teaspoonful salt and quarter teaspoonful pepper to a smooth batter; add the parsnip pulp and make into small flat cakes and fry on a griddle, in butter or good dripping, browning on both sides.

CHOCOLATE GINGERBREAD.—Mix in a large bowl one cupful of molasses, half a cupful of sour milk or cream, one teaspoonful of ginger; one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a teaspoonful of cold water; add this and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter to the mixture. Now stir in two cupfuls of sifted flour, and finally add two ounces of chocolate and one tablespoonful of butter, melted together. Pour the mixture into three well-buttered deep tin plates, and bake in a moderately hot oven for about twenty minutes.

Summer Luncheons.

With the broiled spring chicken, which is the best possible meat for a summer luncheon, have fresh pease, in little cups made either of batter or of puff paste, and small new potatoes with a rich cream over them. The sherbet is made after a new fashion; the juice of three lemons is put on two cups of granulated sugar, and the whole thoroughly beaten, after which a quart of milk is poured over all, mixed and frozen. This may be served either in tall glasses or in little baskets cut from the skins of lemons and tied with ribbons to match the flowers.

The summer salad is most delicious, made of fruit. Large dark California cherries are selected, stoned, and laid in French dressing for half an hour. They are then laid on lettuce which has been sprinkled with the same dressing, and finely chopped parsley is scattered over the whole.—'Harper's Bazar.'

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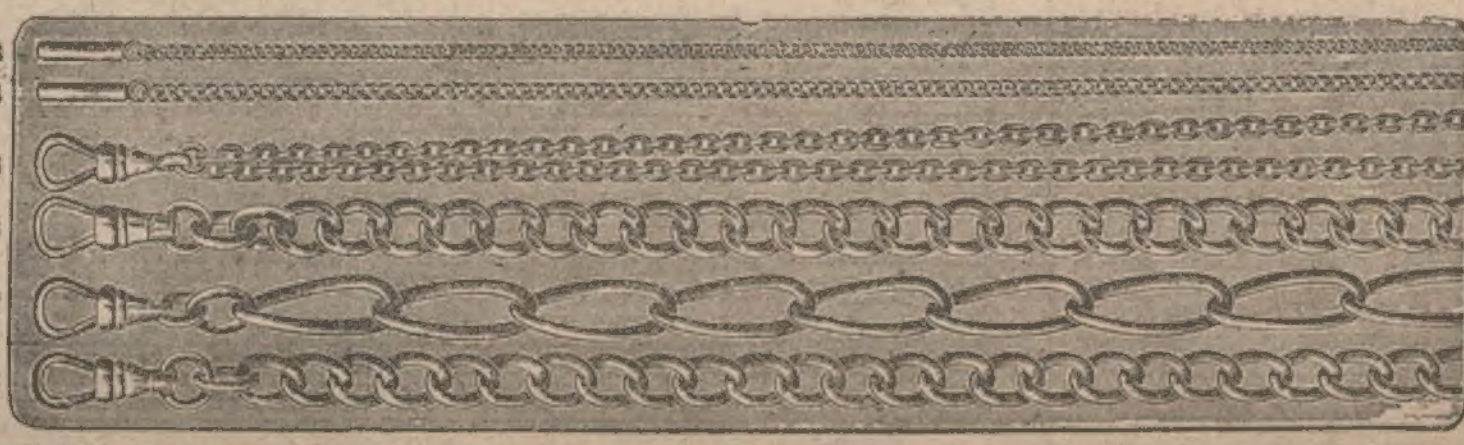

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